

This is George Waite—



—who'll have to Waite
to be a sailor



TWO-YEARS-OLD George Allan Waite, of Pendle-street, Padiham, Lancs., wants to be a sailor. For months he has been asking his mother to put a penny stamp on his hand and send him to his daddy, Chief Petty Officer George Waite.

When this plea did not succeed, George got his mother to have his kiddie cycle repaired, with the result that he has now

got a new idea—he wants to cycle to daddy. "George is a born sailor," Mrs. Waite told "Good Morning." "He is always talking about ships, and when he has a bath it's the hardest thing in the world to get him out of the water. Usually children don't like bathing, but George is just the opposite—he won't leave it alone."

Could there be any better sign of a future sailor?

BLACK v WHITE

TEX RICKARD'S GOLD MINE

W. H. Millier tells of a fight in 'The Golden Age of Boxing' that was—for the promoter—the most golden of them all.

NO modern glove fight in living memory aroused such passions as the ill-advised meeting of Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries. Many of the big contests depend upon the efforts of skilful Press agents for their success as box-office attractions, and it was in the fight game that the word "ballyhoo" was coined.

Tex Rickard's Press agent, however, had a walk-over in the Johnson-Jeffries affair. He had only to sit down and enjoy himself. The unco' guid and anti-sport crusaders all over the English-speaking world did the work for him. For months on end not a day passed without some reference being made in the daily newspapers. Meetings were held, petitions presented, and in the United States they appealed to Congress, to the Senate, and the President in turn, to stop the "terrible fight."

To each new step taken by the opposition Rickard would say, "That's another ten thousand dollars added to the gate without spending a nickel."

Men of high standing in world affairs were asked to give their opinion. It mattered not whether the opinion was for or against the fight. The publicity value was the same. I feel sure it must have been Rickard who originated the phrase, "A knock is as good as a boost." That has for long been the American showman's philosophy—"Say what you darned well like, so long as you say something about the show." It is the silence that is so deadly to the show business.

You must know that by this time Tex Rickard was the king of big-fight promoters in the United States. He ran this fight in partnership with Jack Gleason, because the latter had signed up Jeffries, whilst Rickard had signed up Johnson.

Gold without Labour

Rickard was a sort of Barnum in sport promotion. He rarely, if ever, backed a loser. He was a Texas cowboy at the time of the Klondike gold rush, and when the news of the great find came through he left his steers and hit the trail for the frozen North.

Tex knew a thing worth two of digging to find gold. He opened a gaming saloon and secured a goodly portion of the yellow metal without the labour of digging in the earth for it. In due course he returned to the warmer climate of the West and blossomed out as a promoter of big sporting events, and lived to make a packet of money. To say that he was shrewd is to put it very mildly. He was also a wonderful organiser, and surmounted difficulties almost before they had time to crop up.

Of all the big ventures he tackled in his varied career, none gave him more trouble than the Johnson-Jeffries fight, but he carried it through, and showed a very fine profit as the result. Between the signing of articles and the actual fight, first one place, then another, was announced as the venue. Then it seemed certain that the contest would be staged in San Francisco, and all the printing was arranged with this address.

Why fight went to Reno

Only a few weeks before the contest was due, Governor Gillett of San Francisco vetoed the fight, and the promoters had to find another venue. Reno, Nevada, famous for its high-speed divorce industry, was then selected. This was the very irony of fate. Remember, it was at Reno that Jeffries acted as referee and "handed over" his championship title to Marvin Hart. That was five years earlier. As most people thought Jeff was going to win, Reno was considered the most appropriate place.

It may not be so easily realised after all the intervening years that at that time men who were considered to be shrewd judges still failed to appreciate Johnson's exceptional fighting ability at its true worth. The few people who did doubt whether Jeffries could make a successful "come-back" were ridiculed.

The great John L. Sullivan, always referred to as a national hero, was brought tumbling from his pedestal because he was so outspoken in his ideas. He made no bones about saying that Jeffries couldn't beat the negro and that he was only persuaded to return by being a party to a frame-up. The result shows that Sullivan was not such a bad judge after all, though the fight was straight enough.

Another indication that reflected the mass thinking was



JACK JOHNSON—the Gold-maker

the huge sum paid for the film rights before the picture was taken. This in itself was a colossal gamble. It was computed by people whose business it was to know such things that, if Jeffries won, the film would be worth four times the amount it would earn if Johnson proved the winner. Thus, £25,000 was paid for five-sixths of the picture rights.

Huge gate receipts

Johnson, feeling pretty sure that he was going to win, sold his share, one-third, for £10,000, thus displaying his business acumen. Whilst dealing with figures it will be as well to give the remainder. The purse was £22,500, divided in the proportion of 60 per cent. for the winner and 40 for the loser. In addition, each fighter was given a bonus of £2,500. The promoters were also handsomely rewarded, as the gate-money amounted to £54,650.

That afternoon of July 4, 1910, at Reno was one of the hottest on record, even for that warm locality, and about the coolest person in that vast multitude, gathered from all parts of America, with many sporting notabilities from every part of the globe, was Jack Johnson.



TEX RICKARD—the Gold-taker

He would have had excuses enough and to spare if he had revealed the slightest discomfort. Every possible device to discomfort him was employed. They even went to the length of announcing Jeffries as the world's champion, and although Johnson afterwards said that this really did annoy him, he never gave any sign of it at the time.

That he was afraid of nothing on earth was amply proved by the fact that he took the ring at all at Reno. It had been more than merely whispered that among the many hundreds who carried guns as a matter of course were a few lawless members of society who would be sure to plug holes in the negro if he looked like winning.

As there had been so much talk of a "frame-up," Tex Rickard announced that he would himself act as referee, and if he saw the slightest sign of anything crooked he would not hesitate to shoot either or both contestants if need be.

It was poor old Jeffries who was nervous. He afterwards said that he never slept a wink on the night before the contest, and as he was nervous and irritable he knew he had gone stale, but he went through the ordeal like the man he was known to be.

I get around

By
RONALD RICHARDS

sports, and, by running second in the veterans' race, received almost as great an ovation as did Corporal Sidney Wooderson, the world's champion, in the mile.

Day by day the figures soared.

By Monday evening they had £1,147. Tuesday's total made the figure £3,413.

On Wednesday the committee had £19,568 to show, which had jumped to £65,000 by the end of Thursday's sports meeting. Friday evening showed the figure of £97,510, while by Saturday £112,250 was reported.

Some of the most enthusiastic buyers were air crews coming in from successful operational fights.

No sooner had they handed in their reports than the skipper was pretty certain to say, "Come on, boys, let's buy some more bullets to hand out to Jerry."

The previous record for any R.A.F. Station was £52,000, which has been more than doubled by this tremendous effort.

Every man hath a good
and a bad angel attending
on him in particular, all his
life long.

Robert Burton
(1576-1640).

THEY are all rather "broke" at the moment at a big South-Eastern R.A.F. Station. Anyone seen with a completely full packet of cigarettes is looked upon as a plutocrat. Boxes of matches are jealously guarded. Weekend leave is definitely "off." The Orderly Room is bare of its usual hopeful crowd seeking passes.

The station, you see, is just recovering its breath and missing rather more than its small change after a really surprising "Wings for Victory" Week that has startled even its organisers by its success.

The "target" suggested by the Air Ministry for the station was £3,000, to be raised in a week.

By the end of the week the total sum raised was £115,139! They had, in fact, multiplied the amount they set out to raise more than 38 times.

Right from the word "Go" these R.A.F. boys took the matter very seriously indeed, although they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in thinking up novel schemes to add to the flow of Savings Stamps and Certificates.

As one Pilot Officer put it: "We had to buy Savings Stamps before we could turn round or even blink."

A piglet

There were entertainments every day, two big dances, organised with true R.A.F. lavishness, a first-class sports meeting, and a "fun fair," complete with fortune-teller, games of chance and skill, and quite elaborate side-shows.

They persuaded Squadron Leader R. P. O'Donnell to bring along the famous 52-strong R.A.F. Symphony Orchestra.

Local cinema proprietors helped tremendously, as did all the neighbourhood.

One enthusiast paid £22 in Savings Certificates for a double free ticket for one cinema.

A live piglet was obtained—it is considered injudicious at the aerodrome to ask "How?"

The young porker raised, in all, £1,440.

Duchess in race

The popular, sporting Duchess of Norfolk took a great interest in the station money-raising "drive."

Her Grace came over for the sports meeting, and personally competed in the ladies' race, which was won by a popular W.A.A.F.

The Station Commandant showed his paces, too, in the

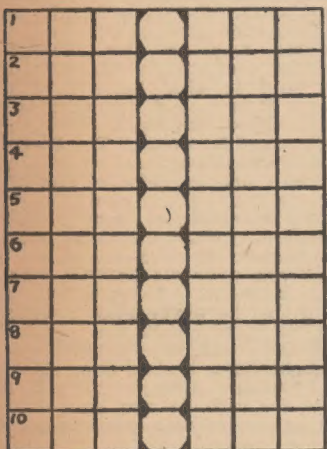
Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—66

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after NCONT, and make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of SUMMER TH' HAM, to make a London Borough.
- 3.—Change FOUL into FAIR, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: COCK into BIRD, COLD into BATH, NORTH into SOUTH.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word PARTICIPATE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 65

- 1.—LEGIBLE.
- 2.—TORQUAY.
- 3.—EAST, LAST, LEST, WEST.
REAR, BEAR, BOAR, SOAR, SOAK, SOCK, SACK, BACK, LOVE, LOSE, LOST, LEST, BEST, BEAT, BEAR, DEAR, BUY, BUD, BID, AID, AIM, ARM, ARK, ASK.
- 4.—Cans, Cane, Pain, Pane, Poet, Plot, Pole, Sole, Sate, Teas, Tine, Tone, Cost, Cast, Pint, Plea, Pots, Spot, Tops, Stop, etc.
Slain, Plate, Plain, Plane, Stain, Coast, Slant, Saint, Paint, Taint, Stone, Plans, Plant, Pilot, Pleat, Tapes, Spate, Piles, Place, Cleat, etc.

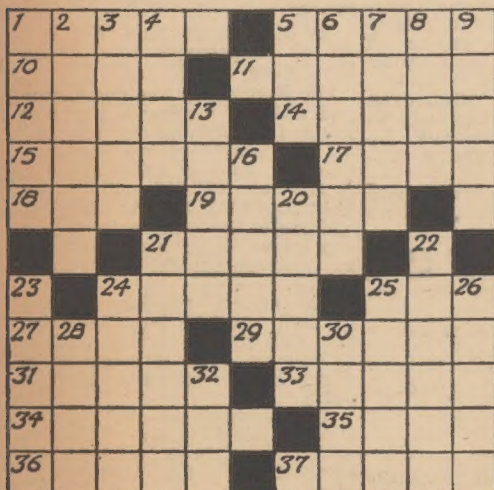


Fill in the missing words according to the clues, and the centre word down will give you the name of a South American Port that will go down in British history (German also).

Here are the clues:—

1. Slouch.
2. To fear.
3. Repent, all ye —.
4. Well-known car.
5. Plans.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Direction.
- 2 Picture of tiny pieces.
- 3 Blue.
- 4 Chair.
- 5 Horse.
- 6 Astonished.
- 7 Ventures.
- 8 Urges.
- 9 Saw projections.
- 13 Language.
- 16 Black bird.
- 20 Pits.
- 21 Moral goodness.
- 22 Special aptitude.
- 23 Jump about.
- 24 Garnishes.
- 25 Old measure of length.
- 26 Late.
- 28 Temple.
- 30 Endured.
- 32 Nevertheless.

THE REMARKABLE TALES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

The lying Baron boasts of—

SOME VERY ROUGH SHOOTING

IT was some time before I could obtain a commission in the army, and for several months I was perfectly at liberty to sport away my time and money in the most gentlemanlike manner. You may easily imagine that I spent much of both out of town, with such gallant fellows as knew how to make the most of an open forest country. The very recollection of those amusements gives me fresh spirits, and creates a warm wish for a repetition of them.

One morning I saw through the windows of my bedroom that a large pond, not far off, was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran downstairs and out of the house in such a hurry that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intention. I soon came within shot, when, levelling my piece, I observed, to my sorrow, that even the flint had sprung from the cock, by the violence of the shock I had just received.

"Some" Shot

There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had on my eyes, therefore opened the pan, levelled my piece against the wild fowls, and my fist against one of my eyes. A hearty blow drew sparks again; the shot went off, and I killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgewings, and three couple of teals.

Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. If soldiers and sailors owe to many of their lucky escapes, hunters and sportsmen are not less beholden to it for many of their successes.

Who is it?

He is very interested in methods of transport. Lots of funny stories told about one of his inventions. Lives in America. Once hired a ship called the "Ark," and sent it on a peace mission. One of the contrivances built by him has added much to England's corn crop. He says history is bunk. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

6. Good for the money.
7. — steak.
8. Prevents progress.
9. Splashes.
10. African town.

(Solution to-morrow.)



In a noble forest in Russia I met a fine black fox, whose valuable skin it would have been a pity to tear by ball or shot. Reynard stood close to a tree. In a twinkling I took out my ball, and placed a good spike-nail in its room, fired, and hit him so cleverly that I nailed his brush fast to the tree.

I now went up to him, took out my hanger, gave him a cross cut over the face, laid hold of my whip, and fairly flogged him out of his fine skin.

What a Tale!

Chance and good luck often correct our mistakes; of this I had a singular instance soon after, when, in the depth of a forest, I saw a wild pig and sow running close behind each other. My ball had missed them, yet the foremost pig only ran away, and the sow stood motionless, as fixed to the ground.

On examining into the matter, I found the latter one to be an old sow, blind with age, which had taken hold of her pig's tail, in order to be led along by it. My ball having passed between the two, had cut his leading-string, which the old sow continued to hold in her mouth; and as her former guide did not draw her on any longer, she had stopped, of course. I therefore laid hold of the remaining end of the pig's tail and led the old beast home without any further trouble on my part, and without any reluctance or apprehension on the part of the helpless old animal.

Spiked

Terrible as these wild sows are, yet more fierce and dangerous are the boars, one of which I had once the misfortune to meet in a forest, unprepared for attack or defence. I retired behind an oak-tree, just when the furious animal levelled a side-blow at me, with such force that his tusks pierced through the tree, by which means he could neither repeat the blow nor retire.

Ho, ho! thought I, I shall soon have you now—and immediately I laid hold of a stone, wherewith I hammered and bent his tusks in such a manner that he could not retreat by any means, and must wait my return from the next village, whither I went for ropes and a

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in SMOKESCREEN, but not CONCEALED.
My second's in TURNING, while not in WHEELLED.
My third is in TINKER and TANKER as well.
My fourth's not in BILLIARDS, but BAGATELLE.
My fifth is in BROADSIDE, but not in VOLLEY.
My sixth is in JESTER, never in JOLLY.
My seventh's in OATMEAL, but not in RICE.
My eighth is in MAINBRACE, but not in SPLICE.

(Answer on Page 3)

JANE



QUIZ for today

1. What is a marabout?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Merry Widow," (b) "The Merry Wives of Windsor"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Burgundy, Beaune, Barsac, Pommard, Claret, Port?
4. What is the name of the parliament of the Isle of Man?
5. Where was the ancient country of Mauretania?
6. What prelate signs himself "Ibor"?
7. What is meant by a paraph?
8. What is hashish?
9. Who was Mowgli?
10. How much is a kilogram in English weights?
11. Who was the only Englishman to become a Pope?
12. Who was Heavy-weight Boxing Champion from 1926-1928?

Answers to Quiz in No. 103

1. The American skunk.
2. (a) Hilaire Belloc, (b) Conan Doyle.
3. Elijah is an oratorio; the others are operas.
4. A nugget of gold.
5. Height of board, 5 feet 8 inches; throw, 9 feet.
6. Between 1918 and 1926.
7. Having a good digestion.
8. The Althing.
9. Huckleberry Finn.
10. 18 inches.
11. 1649.
12. Beekeeping.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance, "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

- (a) A COLUMN CURBS
- (b) A STALE DISH.

(Answers on Page 3)

A Stone's-throw

Daylight and powder were spent one day in a Polish forest. When I was going home, a terrible bear made up to me in great speed, with open mouth

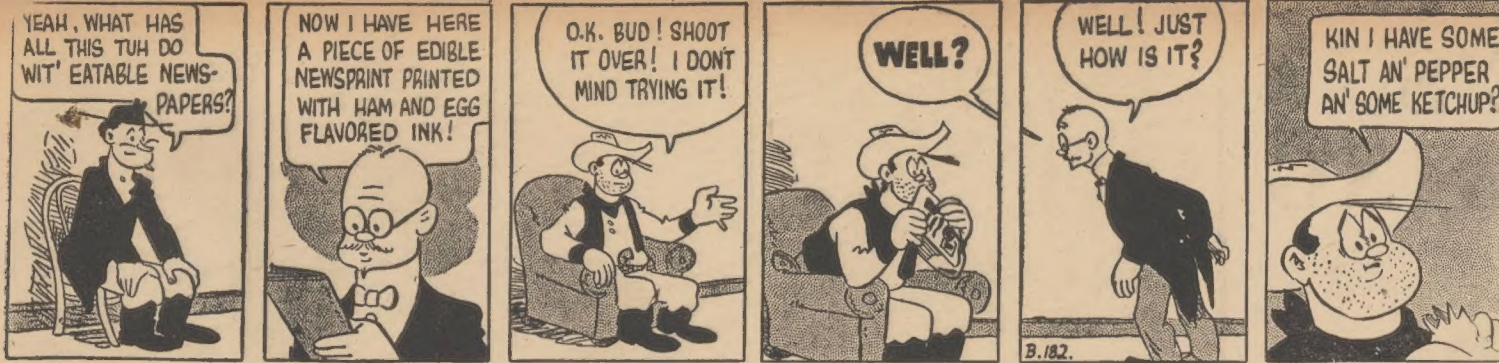
Continued on Page 3.

TODAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



These little animals are: Otters, Badgers, Guinea pigs, or Porcupines? What's your guess?

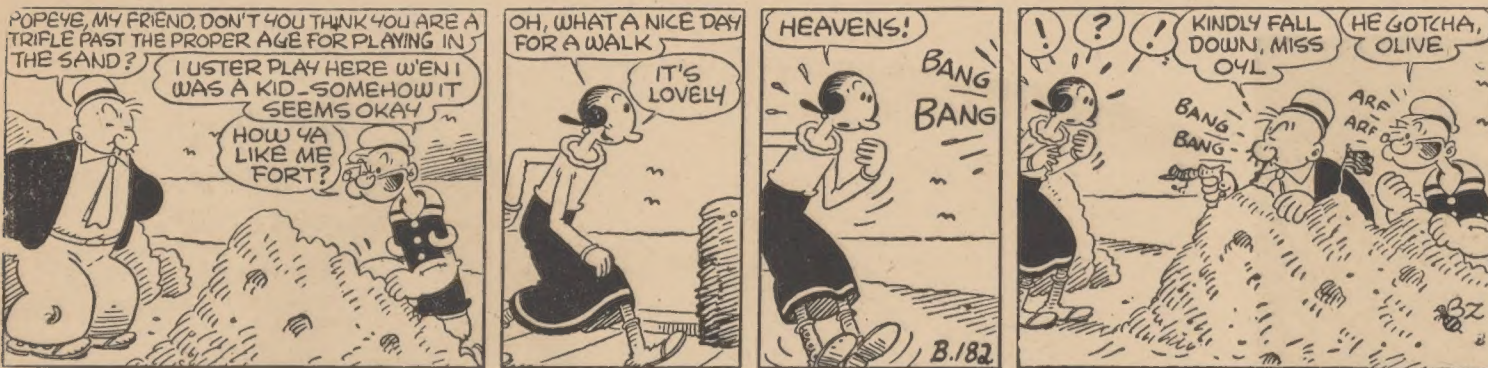
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Continued from Page 2.

ready to fall upon me; all my pockets were searched in an instant for powder and ball, but in vain—I found nothing but two spare flints; one I flung with all my might into the monster's open jaws, down his throat. It gave him pain and made him turn about, so that I could level the second at his back-door, which, indeed, I did with wonderful success; for it

flew in, met the first flint in the stomach, struck fire, and blew up the bear with a terrible explosion.

A Clean Pull-through

The fiercest and most dangerous animals generally came upon me when defenceless, as if they had a notion or an instinctive intuition of it. Thus a frightful wolf rushed upon me

so suddenly, and so close, that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open mouth. For safety's sake I pushed on and on, till my arm was fairly in up to the shoulder.

I was not much pleased with my awkward situation—with a wolf face to face—our ogling was not of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me—that I saw in his flaming eyes. In short, I laid hold of his tail,

turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground, where I left him.

The same expedient would not have answered against a mad dog, which soon after came running against me in a narrow street at St. Petersburg. Run who can, I thought; and to do this the better, I threw off my fur cloak, and was safe within doors in an instant. I sent my servant for the cloak, and he put it in the wardrobe with my other clothes.

The Fur Flies

The day after I was amazed and frightened by Jack's bawling, "For God's sake, sir, your fur cloak is mad!" I hastened up to him, and found almost all my clothes tossed about and torn to pieces. The fellow was perfectly right in his apprehensions about the fur cloak's madness. I saw him myself just then falling upon a fine full-dress suit, which he shook and tossed in an unmerciful manner.

Romeo Ashore—Beware!

By ANDREW SLATER

WARNING to young men: When ashore, be careful whom you go around with. When 80-year-old Sarah Hyslop died recently, for instance, and the police visited her home, they found 54 wedding gowns ranged in glass cases as a grim warning—and pinned to each was a picture of a potential husband.

Sixty years ago Sarah was jilted at the altar, and she vowed to make men pay for the affront.

She was pretty, and had many admirers. Her father, who lived on the outskirts of Leith, held an important position, and all the local young men knew that, despite her disappointment, Sarah was a good match.

But, jilted by the only man she ever loved, Sarah turned for revenge to a most unusual method. Her hatred was displayed in coquettish sighs and passionate glances. She was a blonde Venus, in the days before girls used peroxide.

The local curate was the first to call to express his sympathy over the sad turn of events that had left her waiting at the altar when her bridegroom failed to appear. "I'm not sorry," sighed Sarah. "Tell me—are you really?"

FIRST VICTIM—CURATE.

Her eyelids fluttered, and the curate's heart jumped. Then and there he proposed, and then and there Sarah accepted.

People could not understand why she laughed heartily when they tendered their congratulations, but Sarah laughed last. When her wedding day came, it was her bridegroom who shuffled his feet impatiently at the altar, for Sarah didn't arrive.

She was said to be suffering from a nervous breakdown. She went to live in London, where she used her beauty and charm to make other men suffer for her first disappointment.

She flirted. She dallied. They proposed. She coyly accepted. Old men, young men, thin men, fat men. And all of them went to the altar—to find that she had vanished.

Posing as a widow, she gained the love of the heir to a peerage just as she disappointed a baker's son.

She went to Paris. She visited Berlin. She never failed to say "Yes," but always forgot to turn up. In her best year she made no fewer than eleven revenge matches—and in ten years she gained a tally of fifty-three broken hearts. Everyone of them waited at the church.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH STAYED AWAY.

Then intended victim No. 54 beat her at her own game. Perhaps he had met an earlier victim who warned him.

The organ played, the guests fidgeted, but this time neither bride nor bridegroom turned up. Was she surprised when her maid reported that the bridegroom had also been an absentee? Probably.

After that Sarah ceased her life's work of jilting. Her father had died and left her well off, so she went to live in the South of France.

"THE TIGRESS."

There they called her the "Man-Hating Tigress." When she saw men approaching, she would cross to the other side of the road—and sometimes, a meeting being unavoidable, she would spit at them.

Her only companions were her maids—engaged at high salaries on condition that they would forswear marriage for all time.

Sid Field says—

HARRY joined the Army. The first time he was put on guard the Brigadier passed him and Harry failed to salute. Later that evening he passed Harry again—this time in evening dress. Again he got no salute.

Purple with rage, he roared, "Why don't you salute me?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Harry, "but, seeing you in those clothes, I thought you had worked your ticket."

Answer to WHO IS IT?
HENRY FORD.

Solution to Allied Ports.
KINGSTON.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) SALMON & CUCUMBER.
(b) HEADS & TAILS.

All the beauty of the world, it is but skin deep.
Ralph Venning
(1620-1673).

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

HEY!! SHE'S FISHING



No need to worry about her wandering away. She'll be fully occupied until the return of the tide. This business of inland seas, and moated castles, is SO engrossing, isn't it?



This England

Flatford Bridge, Suffolk. This is the kind of bridge we like. You know — where you just lean over, gaze into the water, and think — or just lean over and gaze into the water.

(L)IDA DOWN

Ida is certainly well and truly in eiderdown. But Warner Bros.' First National star, Ida Lupino, was sure to land a good billet—So what?



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

